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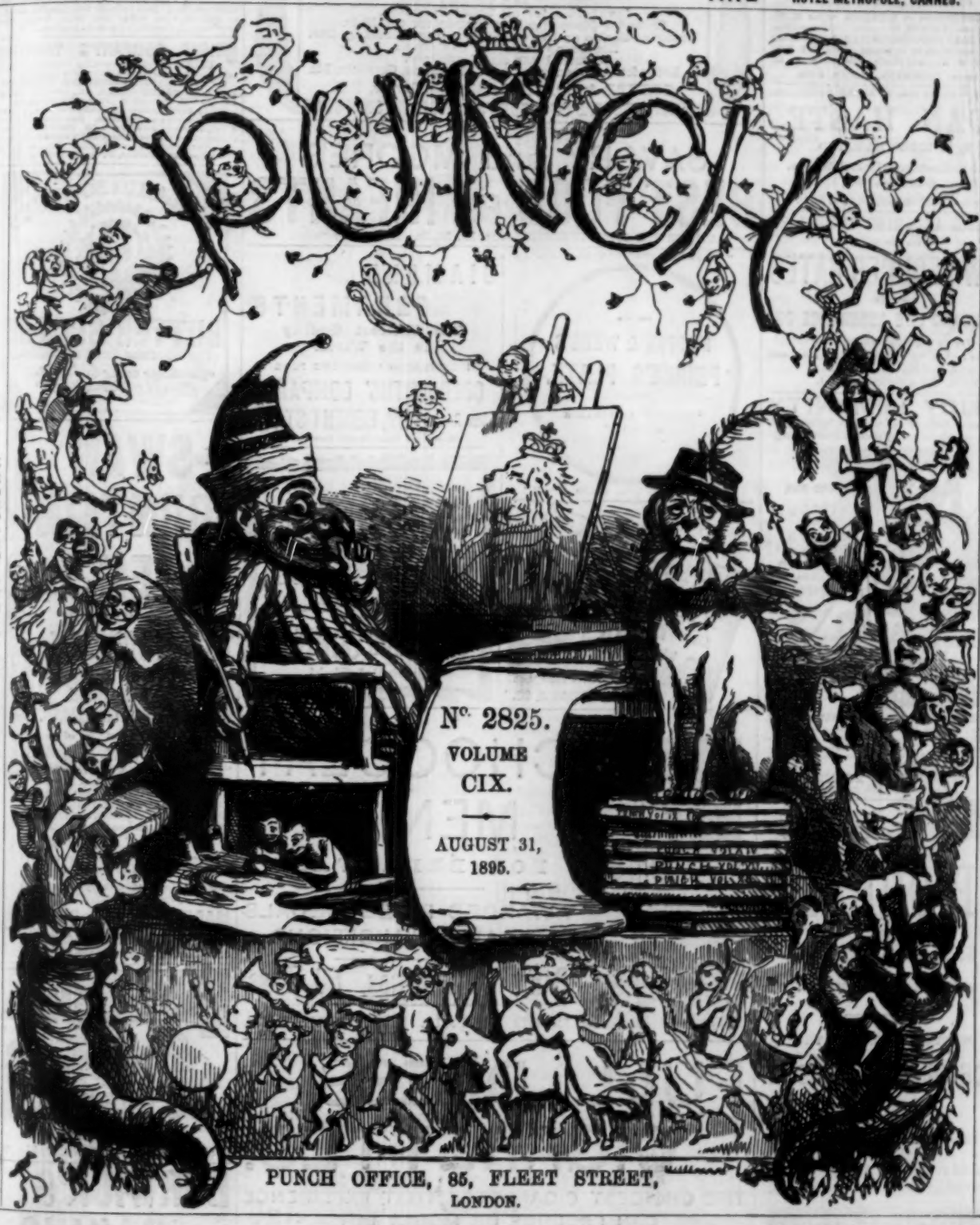

No. 2825.
VOLUME CIX.

AUGUST 31, 1895.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

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ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES.—The steamship GARONNE, 3,550 tons register, will leave London 27th August—
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## SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

TAKING THE WATERS.—Are the Falls of Foyers worth preserving? That depends on another question—What are the Falls of Foyers? They are the finest cascade in Bonny Scotland, and the B. A. C., or British Aluminium Company, intends to take all the water out of them to turn its machinery with. Not, mind you, a mere inappreciable rill, but the whole river! "Ma Foi-ers!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch* in his best French, when he read the correspondence on this subject in the *North British Daily Mail*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and other northern papers; "shall this vandalism be allowed? No! Foyers must be preserved for-years to come!" It seems that a Dr. COMMON, a director of the B. A. C., has been explaining to the Inverness Field Club that the Falls won't actually be destroyed—only there will be no water in them! Yet, by his name, this director should defend all common rights. We hope he is rare. The B. A. C. (or Brazen Assurance Company) must learn the A B C of respect for natural beauty, or Mr. BRYCE will have to introduce an "Access to Waterfalls Bill." There is yet time to save the chief Wonder of Loch Ness; and a year hence let us trust that the following Wordsworthian stanza will apply:—

Full many a glorious scene has *Punch*
  Saved by his winsome page;
And from the B. A. C. this Fall,
A lovely, powerless, hopeless, thrall,
  Was rescued by the Sage.
So let it foam! And time will come
  When every tourist raider
At this Cascade will give three cheers
  For every good Casc-aider!

---

AN OLD CRUSTED PORT.—The "Battle of the Mails" is again raging in Ireland. Queenstown seemed to have conquered, but, according to the *Cork Daily Herald*, the partisans of Southampton are insidiously working in favour of that port, because it is believed that "a Unionist Government with a powerful majority will be less amenable to Irish pressure than the late Home-Rule Government was." And the very idea of the Post Office breaking through the contract with the Cunard Line, the Dublin Steam Packet Company, and the London and North-Western Railway is denounced as a monstrous offence. That is all right, and it is refreshing to find so much respect for contracts still surviving. In postal and steamer matters Ireland is Conservative to the backbone. She won't doff her "coat of mail" in a hurry. Home-Rulers and Unionists are united on this point: "one touch at Queenstown makes all Erin glad."

---

THE *South Wales Daily News* tells us that "policemen on bicycles are a very common thing in Cardiganshire."

THE VERNACULAR EVOLUTION OF THE "FORCE."

When great Sir ROBERT first enroll'd the band,
As "Peelers" they were known throughout the land:
Then fickle fancy, changing e'er her hobby,
Metamorphosed the nickname into "Bobby."
As years went on—'tis known to be no "whopper"—
Alluded to was Bobby as a "Copper,"
And, nowadays, the people call him "Slop":
Nor is the matter likely *here* to stop.
For now we learn, that our once simple "Peeler"
Is up-to-date and has become a "Wheeler"!

## LOCAL COLOUR.

PLACE—*South Parade, Cheapenham-on-Sea.*

*Edith.* "MABEL DEAR, WOULD YOU GET ME *BAEDEKER'S SWITZERLAND* AND THE LAST NUMBER OF THE *WORLD*."

*Mabel.* "WHAT DO YOU WANT *THEM* FOR?"

*Edith.* "OH, I 'M WRITING LETTERS, AND WE 'RE IN THE ENGADINE, YOU KNOW, AND I JUST WANT TO DESCRIBE SOME OF OUR FAVOURITE HAUNTS, AND MENTION A FEW OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE STAYING THERE—HERE, I MEAN."

## THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

### THE PERSISTENT HAIRDRESSER.

THE middle-aged neighbour is going to the fine shop of the persistent hairdresser. Why is the middle-aged neighbour going to the fine shop of the persistent hairdresser? Because the middle-aged

neighbour's wife (*i.e.* the wife of the middle-aged neighbour) has ordered him to have his hair cut. What will the persistent hairdresser tell the middle-aged neighbour while he is having his hair cut? That the hair of the middle-aged neighbour (*i.e.* the middle-aged neighbour's hair) is all coming off. What will the middle-aged neighbour say? The middle-aged neighbour will say nothing, but he will attempt to read the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor. Will the persistent hairdresser make any further remark? Yes, the persistent hairdresser will inform the middle-aged neighbour that his hair is thin on the top of his head, that the remaining hair is very dry, that it would be well if the middle-aged neighbour would give immediate attention to the subject (*i.e.* the subject attention give immediate). What will the middle-aged neighbour say? The middle-aged neighbour will say nothing, but will continue the attempted reading of the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor. Will the persistent hairdresser persevere in his exertions to attract the attention of the middle-aged neighbour? He will persevere by brushing the hair of the middle-aged neighbour by machinery. Will the brushing of the hair of the middle-aged neighbour by machinery prevent the further reading of the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor? It will have that effect, and the middle-aged neighbour will remonstrate. Will the persistent hairdresser repeat his observations about the thinness of the hair on the top of the head of the middle-aged neighbour? He will, and the observations will be received in silence. Will the persistent hairdresser then recommend "the Blisterscalpholine" as a remedy? The persistent hairdresser will recommend "the Blisterscalpholine" as a remedy, saying that it may be obtained in bottles at half-a-crown and four-and-six. Will he urge the purchase of "the Blisterscalpholine" in bottles at four-and-six, in preference to bottles at half-a-crown? He will, saying that the former contain four times as much "Blisterscalpholine" than the latter (*i.e.* four-and-six four times "Blisterscalpholine" half-a-crown bottles contain as much). Will the middle-aged neighbour say that he wishes to be bald? The middle-aged neighbour will say so with superfluous emphasis (*i.e.*, in phrases of superabundance). Will the persistent hairdresser declare that "the Blisterscalpholine" can be advantageously used as a hair-wash by those desirous of becoming bald? The persistent hairdresser will make this declaration. Why will the persistent hairdresser sound the praises of "the Blisterscalpholine" so loudly? Because the persistent hairdresser is the sole manufacturer of "the Blisterscalpholine." Will the middle-aged neighbour purchase a bottle of the persistent hairdresser? Yes; the middle-aged neighbour will purchase a bottle, if the middle-aged neighbour has an account with the persistent hairdresser, and he (*i.e.* the persistent hairdresser) will put it (*i.e.* the bottle of "Blisterscalpholine") in his (*i.e.* the middle-aged neighbour's) bill. If the middle-aged neighbour uses "the Blisterscalpholine," what will he do in six months? The middle-aged neighbour will purchase a wig.

## EN ROUTE FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

["In assisting to carry out the plans of War Office reform sketched by the Hartington Commission, Lord WOLSELEY will have an unequalled opportunity of connecting his name with a monumental achievement, and, at the same time, of establishing upon a firmer foundation the efficiency and the welfare of the British Army, which, we are well assured, are the objects he has most sincerely at heart."—*Daily Paper.*]

## ROBERT BURNS TO THE RESCUE.

[The Falls of Foyers, near Loch Ness, are menaced by the projected proceedings of an Aluminium Company.]

"*Among the heathy hills and rugged woods*
*The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods,*
*Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,*
*Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.*
*As high in air the bursting torrents flow,*
*As deep recoiling surges foam below,*
*Prone down the rock the whitening stream descends,*
*And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.*
*Dim-seen, thro' rising mists, and ceaseless show'rs*
*The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding low'rs.*
*Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,*
*And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—*"

* * * * *

The above never-finished fragment was written by Burns, with a pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers (now called Foyers), near Loch Ness.

*Shade of* Robert Burns, *loquitur*:—

O "brither Scots," and is it thus,
For all your patriotic fuss
O'er names and sic-like trifles,
Ye can stand by whilst soulless Trade,
With greedy pick, and grubbing spade,
Old Scotia's charms so rifles?
How well the hour my heart recalls,
When, fired by all the Muses,
I strove to honour Foyers Falls!
But now my song refuses
Its singing, swift-springing,
At sight of Scotia's charms,
My song now is wrung now
With patriot alarms.

That I, "for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least,"
Was aye my wish. But, Scotland dear,
What is this shameful news I hear,
That racks your poet's breast?
That ruthless commerce, spreading wide,
Will stain the shores of Ness,
And turn those mossy floods aside
I sang—with some success?
That Beauty and Duty—
It sure *must* be a hum!—
A Scot still can blot still,
For—Aluminium!

I know my country's love of "brass."
'Tis loth to let a bawbee pass,
A saxpence bid go bang.
Yet "Caledonia stern and wild,"
Rather than see these Falls defiled,
Should bid gross gain go hang!
Fancy those "rocky mounds" replaced
By refuse-heaps—alack!—
And all the "heathy hills" defaced
By smoke and chimney-stack!
A tunnel?—Each runnel,
In river and cascade,
Seems shouting, and flouting
The claims of tasteless Trade.

And shall a private company
In interests of mere £ s. d.
Rob Ness of Beauty's dower?
Shall Scotland in new-born stupidity
Pander to sordid Trade's cupidity
To get cheap water-power?
Monopoly tap the torrent-stream,
And "viewless Echo's ear"
Be harried by the hideous scream
Of railway whistles near?
I'm fired, inspired!
The Muse, though mild and meek,
Now dashing, eye-flashing,
Assures me I *must* speak!

Scotland may list her Burns's song
And stay, ere all too late, a wrong
To beauty and herself.

## ACCOMMODATING.

*Old Lady.* "Now then, what do you want?"
*Joe the Tramp.* "I ain't particklar, Lady. What 'av' yer got?"

She's not so fast midst Mammon's thralls
As sacrifice her noblest Falls
To paltry greed of pelf.
If she'll not heed the patriot's cry,
She'll heed the poet's jingle.
The prospect fires the Ploughman's eye,
And makes his heart strings tingle.
Ye're no men, nor wo-men,
As Scots ye're false and fickle,
Should Trade thus degrade thus
The Falls to a poor trickle.

Where are ye, bardlings, full of fire,
Who tune to-day a Scottish lyre?
Where is your sounding line?
No stirring stanza can ye spare?
Faith, Sirs, this aluminium scare
Should waken all the Nine!
Ah! could I hand my lyre to Lang,
Loch Ness should echo loud
To such a strain as ne'er yet rang
In ears of Mammon's crowd.

Wake "Wullie"! 'Twon't sully
*Your* fame, you grand old Scot!
For what land like Scotland
Should raise your ire red-hot?

---

In France female enterprise knows no limit and no law. Celestine Jolivet of Belleville—who has a jolly "way" about her—discovered a son of Mars asleep. "Not hers to reason why, hers but his togs to try," so she promptly relieved the slumbering warrior of his uniform and transferred it to her own person, and—doubtless to "cover" the loan—left her own petticoats by the side of the sleeping soldier. Poor *Piou-pious* had a rude awakening, and was compelled to don the girl's garments, in which unwarlike garb he reached the barracks. Celestine was apprehended, and got fifteen days. Offenbach would have given her eighteen months.

## GEORGIE'S AND JACKY'S HOLIDAYS.

*(An Extract from the Note-book of Mr. Barlow the Younger.)*

I am quite sure that, had my revered grandsire survived—as a matter of fact, he passed away some time ago, leaving a valuable connection—he would have moved with the times. In his day he certainly did his best to amuse his pupils by telling them agreeable and instructive stories, but he did not actually join in their sports.

I, his descendant, pursue the even tenor of my way on a different tack. I have two lads staying with me during the vacation. Their parents are residing in the Indian portion of the British empire and the Australian colonies. They are bright, intelligent boys, full of high spirits, and yet gifted with an amount of common sense much in advance of their comparatively tender years. Georgie Barnwell is generous to a fault. He will borrow sixpence of a friend to-day, and give half of it to a beggar to-morrow. His companion, Jacky Rush, is more economical. He, too, will borrow sixpence to-day and supplement it, if possible, by a further loan on the morrow, Consequently John is richer, as a rule, than Georgie.

"See, Sir," said Rush to me a morning or so since, "what I have got. Thanks to the kindness of some acquaintances with longer purses than my own, I have acquired a fishing-rod."

"Which I trust you will not allow him to use," put in Barnwell, impulsively. "He is considerably my junior, and I fear that, were he to fish, he might be drawn by the strength of the current into the water, and possibly be drowned. Such a calamity would be a terrible thing to his parents. What would make such a blow the more acute would be the expense of the telegram conveying the lamentable news to India. On these grounds, revered Sir, I trust you will forbid him the use of the fishing-rod."

"I believe the apprehensions of my comrade are unnecessary," said sensible Jacky. "I feel convinced, however, that they spring from the best motives, as he refused to have anything to do with the purchase of the rod, on the score that he thought I would be tempted to use it. Now that I have bought it with my own money——"

"Your own money," observed Georgie, with a smile.

"With money that has passed into my possession," amended the younger lad, "I shall be glad to sell the rod at a considerable discount if such a financial arrangement can be entertained by my well-intentioned companion."

"I am sincerely grieved," replied Barnwell to this invitation, "to have to say 'No.' A rather extensive purchase of Japanese caramel cannon-balls has entirely exhausted my pecuniary resources. But I am willing to meet Jacky half way. As he has bought the fishing-rod, I shall be glad to hold it for him when we get to the landing-stage, where we propose commencing our search for the denizens of the vasty deep."

It will be noticed by the observant that up to this point the conversation had been conducted in well-chosen words. "Literary elegance in diction" is one of the many extras that appear in the bills delivered quarterly (and payable in advance) to the parents of my cherished charges. To my surprise and annoyance Jacky, instead of retorting with courtesy, merely placed his right hand level with his face, extended the fingers, and allowed the thumb to touch the nose.

"You will see, Sir," said Georgie, much shocked at this vulgarity, "that my companion at times is lost to all sense of shame. If you are kind enough to turn aside for a moment, I shall be glad to accomplish a feat known amongst the prize fighters of the earlier part of the present century as punching some one's head."

I complied with my pupil's request, and for some little while there were sounds not entirely unsuggestive of lamentation. Sounds which seemed to cause no little amusement to an observant 'Arry.

Our walk to the place of fishery after this little incident was uneventful. When we reached the spot, a rough-looking mariner was in attendance with what subsequently appeared to be a bag of bait.

"Morning gents, all," said the sailor, respectfully; "I have got what you want. But be careful how you touch them, as they are nasty customers."

This warning was necessary, for Georgie (who is of an inquiring character) had placed his hands amongst the worms with results. He uttered an exclamation of pain. "Ah, I thought so!" cried the mariner, looking at my charge's travel-stained palm; "you have been bitten by a blue doctor. Well, all you have to do is to climb up to the moat under that there castle and find some mote weed. Put the weed on the spot and the pain will go like magic."

"But its quite a mile up hill," observed the still depressed Barnwell. "What shall I do while I am going? It hurts me fearfully."

"My dear Georgie," said Jacky, who had now reassumed his customary demeanour, "pray be guided by the advice of this worthy and experienced person. I feel sure that what he recommends is salutary. And as to what you should do while mounting the undoubtedly lofty heights leading to the castle's moat, I would recommend a policy of cheerful submission. Bear it, my dear boy, with fortitude, and smile while you perform the heroic operation. During your absence, I myself will hold the fishing-rod. This concession should tend to assuage your anguish. And, in conclusion, let me hazard the hope that when you return from the moat with your hand convalescent, after an application of moat weed, you will find that I have had good sport. I trust to be in a position to present you with either a specimen of a salmon, a sole, a flying fish, or a tittlebat—of course, any one or all of them for a suitable consideration."

Georgie waited no longer, but hastened away after kicking in the direction of his cherished companion.

"It's a painful bite when you ain't accustomed to it," observed the mariner. "Not that I mind 'em. Look here, all them 's bites and stings."

And the man stretched forth his hand, which was certainly covered with a variegated assortment of scars.

"What did that?" asked Jacky, with a stronger feeling of curiosity than an appreciation of grammar.

"That was done, Sir, by a spiteful cat," replied the mariner. "It is a nasty worm is the spiteful cat. Cut them up into halves and they will bite you still. But there, the fish is awful fond of them! Why, these here blood-clotters are nothing to them, no more are these lug worms."

With this, the man threw down what appeared to be a small but, for its size, corpulent sea-serpent.

"It's no good," he exclaimed, scornfully. "The fish won't touch any of that lot after they've lost their shape. Look at that one, it's foolish to call it a worm now, ain't it? Now I will take this blue doctor and bait the line for you. See, I run the hook through the head to the hip. That will fetch a mullet. It leaves me half. But you must take a whole one for a codling."

By this time Jacky was standing on the brink of the stage, all impatient to cast his line into the water. The bait, encumbered by some nobs of lead, fell with a jerk into the sea.

"You had better take a seat, young master," said the experienced mariner; "sometimes you get bites by the dozen, at others nothing comes near you for hours. It's all a toss up. And the fish, too, they are fanciful. Your dabs and your codlings are demons for rock worms. But the mullet and whiting want something a bit more tasty."

"If that is the case," said Jacky, who had been from time to time watching his bait, "do you not think you could find something more tempting than this attenuated worm, which, so far as I can judge, has already been diminished in the water of half its stature."

"Well, yes, Sir; I could put on a spiteful cat. If a fish will touch anything, he will touch spiteful cat."

Then with admirable skill the mariner selected a bait, and in a twinkling had the hook refurnished.

"I shall be glad to be successful," said Jacky, "as I notice that my cherished companion, Georgie, has obtained the healing weed, and is rapidly returning from the Castle's moat. He will be pleased to find that while he has been in pain I have been enjoying a delightful sport, with no little reward attached to it. If I were sufficiently fortunate to capture a salmon, no doubt I would find a ready market for it in London, and thus acquire a sum of money sufficient to meet all my present necessities, and even to pay back a portion of the sums that have, during a period extending over years, been so kindly advanced to me."

Unwilling to waste my time, and finding the occupation of watching Jacky's fruitless efforts to rob the mighty deep of its piscatorial inhabitants somewhat tedious, I had jotted down these few notes. It was at this moment that Jacky, who had been ineffectually attempting to charge his hook, suddenly gave me the bait to hold. I had thus at length an opportunity of making the close acquaintance of "spiteful cat." The immediate result of the introduction was the abrupt and painful termination of my literary labours.

---

"Mine again."—The *Liverpool Courier* tells a curious story of a female miner in "one of the chief Welsh gold mines." She is, we are informed, "a girl fair to look upon, a colonial, bright, commonsensible, wayward, musical, a linguist, altogether talented, and something of a new woman, *yet not*. She is linguist enough to attempt the Welsh language, perhaps that she may thereby mine the more." Admirable descriptive diction this! The lady gold-seeker must be not only a miner, but a Minerva, and if only she succeeds in discovering a few nuggets she will be able (as a wag might suggest) to purchase a *pallas* to live in.

## CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(*By "Hansom Jack."*)

### No. I.—MY MATES AND MY FARES.

"*Mx and my Fares!*" There's a takingish title for one o' them books as they call "Rummynicences!"
Don't you imagine "Romance on the Rank" must mean dry-as-dust yarns about Strikes, Fares and Licences.
"Treacle," "Long Benjy," and "Pineapple Bob," "Old Curly," "The Countryman," "Ginger," and "Chicking,"
Not naming myself, if it comes to good stories, could give Sherlock 'Olmes arf a length *and* a licking.

Rum names? Lor! that's no-think! You look down a list, in the *Sporting Snips* say, of the 'orses in running,
And any cab-rank could knock 'oles in the lot, for sheer oddity, jumble-up, fancy and funning.
Many a nickname's a yarn in itself, or leastways suggests one to them in the know of it.
Cabby is like Sir George Lewis; 'e knows London's seamiest side, though 'e mayn 't make no show of it.

Take "Coddy Cowslip," now! Meaningless muddle, *that* name, I've no doubt, to a fare trim and toffy.
But git old C. C. on the patter one mornin', say over a Billingsgate pheasant and coffee,
Twig 'is old countryfied dial a-wrinkle with sly, knowing wickedness! Lor! it's a beano!
And yet "Coddy"'s got such a chawbacon chuckle, 'e passes—with them as ain't fly—for a greeno.
What 'e don't know about cockney conniverings, *and* country collyfogs, isn't worth knowing.
Why, 'e's been *everythink*, ploughboy and street-preacher, betting-man, jock, "all-a-blowing-a-growing,"
Pedlar and poacher, 'orse-dealer, and 'earse-driver! Yes, and 'is name seems to tell the whole story
To us as 'ave 'eard it in "Cowslip's" soft snuffle, when over a toddy-tot, all in 'is glory.
What *I* say is this: If a Cabby can't see, and take stock of, the life of this wonderful City,
Perched 'igh on 'is box, with arf town for 'is fares, and 'is eye on the other arf, well, it's a pity.
I've drove Billy Shikspur's Seven Ages, *I* have, and a tidy lot more as the Swan never thought on;
For cabs wasn't up in the days of Queen Bess; though that *Jaques* as a Growler I think might 'ave caught on!
I've known his fair moral in stror bands and capes, 'stead o'cloak and trunk 'ose. Ah! If William 'ad driven
A 'ansom ten year—and I guess for the chance all them Venice canals and their boats 'e'd ha' given!—
What plays 'e'd ha' found ready-made to 'is 'ands! Was it Dizzy as called us the London Gondolers?
Well, 'e knowed a thing or two, Benjamin did, 'bout Romance; a lot more than your stick-in-the-'olers.
*Romance?* I could reel you out yarns by the hour, as I've dropped on, or 'eard of from others, since cabbing;
But it's only when Bobby is fair on our track, or there's perks in the wind, as we're given to blabbing.
Trot 'em out in the Shelter sometimes to our pals; some on 'em, I tell you, are creepy and twittery,
Just the right stuff for them "'Aporths of All Sorts" the scrap-'unting parties as calls theirselves littery.
Take railway-stations, theayters, and 'orspitals, them three alone, and, for comic *or* tragic,
Imagine the drammers a driver gets glimpses of! Peeps through town-winders, too! Tell you, it's magic,
The way we spot mysteries, caught through a curtain, cock-eyed, from our perch nigh the second-floor level,
In spins through back streets, or the suburbs. The world and the flesh, my dear Sir,—with a dash of the d——l!
Me and my fares, *and* my mates on the Rank, make a pretty big world. To a man as loves 'osses,
A Cabby's life isn't arf bad on the whole, spite of bilks and bad weather, hard bosses and losses.
The grip of the reins, and the flick of the whip, 'ave a fair fascination to fellows built *my* way,
And dulness—that cuss of the poor!—doesn't 'unt you in spinnin' through Babbylon's 'ighway or byeway.
Dulness! To drowse on the Rank for two hours, or more, waiting a fare, isn't sparkling or thrilling,
And then, p'r'aps, a stingy old mivvey with luggage, as takes yer two miles, full, and tips a bare shilling!
But lively turn-ups are most times on the *tappy*, or just round the corner. Cab, Sir! Piccadilly?
Now if that chalk-face, with the penny-slot mouth, doesn't 'ide a grim story or two, send me silly!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that the World has taken his wife to the sea-side or the Continent, there is not much demand for heavy literature—especially as the cost of the over-weight in luggage is something considerable beyond Calais—and consequently trifles light as air have become the popular brain-food of the multitude. In the absence of his noble and respected chief, an Old Retainer of the Baron has read *Telling Stories*, originally published in the *St. James's Gazette*. The Old Retainer can honestly declare that the stories are not only worth telling, but being re-told—in their present form—they are just the things to amuse the traveller weary of watching the hat-box on the carriage-rack, or the third-rate mountains fading into distance on the Rhine. He will turn to them for recreation when he has tired of sight-seeing. They are, without exception, short, crisp, and interesting. The Old Retainer would not think of leaving town without them. They would be more welcome to him than his armour, and quite as necessary as his weather-worn umbrella. The Veteran Warder, still acting on behalf of his revered, but far-a-field, captain, has peeped into *The Times Atlas*, a magnificent volume, worthy of the best traditions of Printing House Square. The Aged Watchman has sampled the maps, and found them absolutely accurate in the smallest particulars. The *Atlas* has caused the Elderly Sentry to think seriously of quitting his guard, and journeying to the far North. He has not yet decided upon his destination. At the moment of writing, his inclination gaily suggest "Greenland," while his banking-account sternly whispers "Southend or Herne Bay." In the meanwhile, the Years'-stricken Looker-out remains at his post, and, with a hand trembling with age and emotion, proudly appends a signature not his own.

The Baron de Book-Worms.

## TOWN *VERSUS* COUNTRY.

(*An Intercepted Letter.*)

My dear Bob,—I have got your note, sympathising with me on my sad fate of being "tied to town" in August. Don't cry while you are in the wood. I can assure you that bricks and mortar are just as pleasant as green leaves. Not that we do not have the latter. Hyde Park is at its best, and Battersea is beautiful beyond compare. And mind you, my lad, it is unnecessary to stroll through either in the height of May Day fashion. The House is sitting, and the Irish Members are quite equal to keeping both sides on the move.

And at night we have plenty of gaiety, not only in the Strand, where *The Shop Girl* is as popular as ever, but at the Lyric too, where *The Artist's Model* is a pattern of prosperity. Then there are the halls of dazzling delight. *Titania*, at the Alhambra, and *Faust*, at the Empire, leave nothing to be desired save a lot more of them. So, my dear young friend do not condole before you have reason. London is going well and strong, and, while this happens, I can dispense with the jocular joys of Shrimpington-on-Sea.

Yours, cheerfully,
Dolly.

M'Carthy's Motto (*the wish being father to the thought*).—"Sic transit gloria Redmondi!"

## UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

*She.* "OH, MR. SORNEY, I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS IN WRITING SO PROMPTLY TO TELL ME OF POOR HARRY'S ACCIDENT!"

*He.* "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT—I WAS VERY GLAD INDEED TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF DOING IT!"

## "THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND."

IT will be remembered that a fortnight since appeared in *Punch* (Vol. 109, No. 2823) an article entitled "The Country of Cockaigne," written as a reminder that the above excellent fund was not only in existence, but sorely in need of contributions. Since then the appeal has been answered by the charitably disposed, and acknowledged by the proper official at head-quarters. It is gratifying to learn that the paper published in these pages has been of signal service to the young clients for whom author and artist plied pen and pencil with so much goodwill. It is not customary to publish "serious" contributions from voluntary contributors in these columns, but the following extract from a letter received from the Secretary of the "Children's Country Holidays Fund" is such pleasant reading that an apology for its insertion seems superfluous:—

"'The Country of Cockaigne' has caused such a pressure of work here, that I am afraid the ordinary duties of gratitude have been long delayed. May I say that we, and here I speak for the London children, are very grateful indeed.

"It was scarcely eleven o'clock last Wednesday when a man came in with £1 to send JIMMY and FLORRIE away, and there were several more on the same errand at lunch time. Since the article appeared we have received £1,334 11*s.* 6*d.*—of this over £600 has been sent with special mention of *Punch*, and considerably more than this is undoubtedly due to it. . . . One father, speeding away to Switzerland with his family, read *Punch* in the train, and scribbled a note in pencil that he wanted to help before going on his holiday, and wrote a cheque for £7—at Dover station."

Then the writer says that many of the contributors to the Fund wanted to know whether JIMMY and FLORRIE were real children, and concludes with an expression of "heartiest thanks to all concerned." Of course, JIMMY and FLORRIE are children of the brain, but they are none the less real on that account. They are types of thousands. A correspondent suggests that the article is calculated to do so much good that it should be reprinted. This would be impracticable. However, it is possible to repeat "the Moral"; and this being so, we give it:—

"The offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer."

## HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S SONG.

(*Adopted from "Through the Looking-glass" to the Political Situation.*)

*Humpty-Dumpty* . . Diplomacy.
*Alice* . . . . Public Opinion.

["The SULTAN, it seems, has not yet taken to heart the solemn warning addressed to him by Lord SALISBURY, and approved by the leaders of the Opposition. . . . The SULTAN alone turns a deaf ear to the friendly counsel which it is so *greatly to his interest to accept.*"—*The Times.*]

"THE piece I am going to repeat," said HUMPTY-DUMPTY to ALICE, "was written entirely for your amusement. It goes thus"—

I sent a letter to the Turk,
Bidding him stay his horrid work.

The Turk delayed two months or three,
Then sent an answer back to me.

The Turk's belated answer was,
"I cannot do it, Sir, *because*——"

I sent to him again to say,
"It is your interest to obey."

He answered, with a sleepy grin,
"Why, what a hurry you are in!"

I urged him twice, I urged him thrice.
He would not listen to advice.

I took a rod, 'twas large and new,
Fit for the work I had to do.

Namely, that lazy Turk to tickle;
And then I put that rod in pickle.

The Turk he wrote to me and said,
"My agents are asleep in bed."

I wrote to him, I wrote it plain,
"Then you must wake them up again!"

I wrote it very large and clear;
I had it shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, "I'll try and wake them, *if*——"

I put his "answer" on the shelf:
I said, "I'll wake them up myself!"

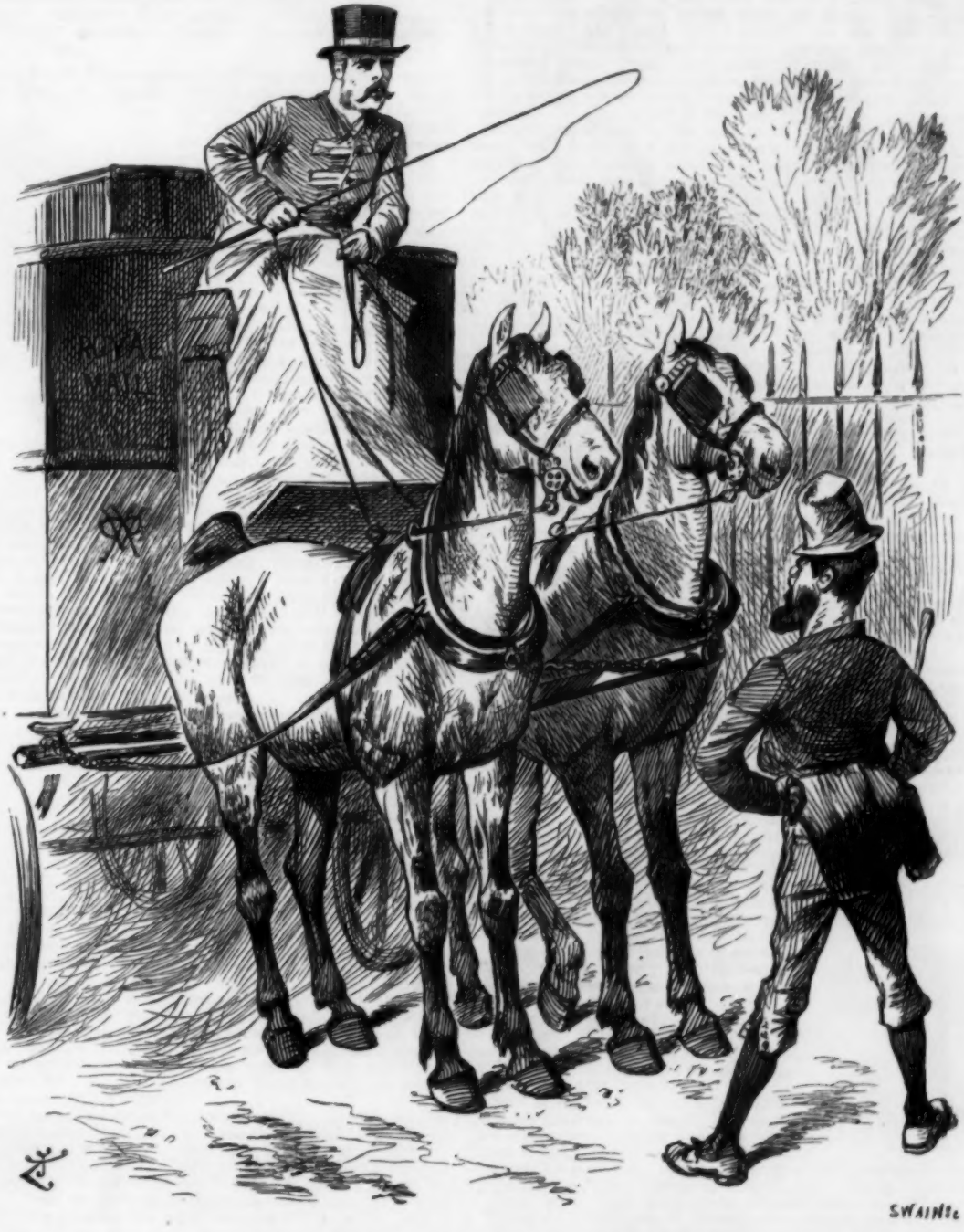
He cried, "No good! The door is locked,
I've pulled, and pushed, and kicked, and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut
I tried to turn the handle, *but*——"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" ALICE timidly asked.

"That's all,—*for the present*," said HUMPTY-DUMPTY.




# "A TIMPORARY OBSTHRUCTION."

**Truculent Tim, the Ambiguous Patriot.** "GIT OUT O' THE ROAD, IS IT? BE AISY NOW—WILL ME CONSCHIENCE LET ME?"

["There was a suggestion on the part of the Government that everyone was anxious to get away from the House. Some people certainly were not. . . . He had no anxiety to get away, but was most anxious to turn the House to account in the interest of his constituents and the country generally, though they all meant different things when they used that expression."—*Mr. T. M. Healy (Louth, N.) in the House of Commons.*]

## A TRIP "PER SEA."

*Appetite — Steward — Wandering — The Cigar — Umbrella — Suspicions — Judicial — Interrogation — Evidence — Stowaway — Verdict — Off — Surmise — Lunch — Afloat — Night — Morning — Away — Landing.*

Suddenly aware of commencement of what promises to be uncommonly fine and large appetite when it reaches maturity. *Happy Thought.* — Find steward. *Still Happier Thought.*—Finding steward, *not* for the purpose usually associated with calling for that official on a rough day between Dover and Calais. On present occasion only to ask him, when found, the hour of lunch. Somehow he eludes my search. After wandering about vaguely into several other persons' cabins, I find myself suddenly on a narrow lower deck. Don't know its technical name. And now "a strange thing happens." Before me, leaning against a rail, is the portly, or rather sea-portly, jovial-looking individual, whose acquaintance I have already made in captain's cabin, thoughtfully finishing a cigar. By the way, at any period of our too-brief acquaintance I never see him without cigar, which he is always just finishing, but never commencing. At this moment his cheery countenance wears as hard an expression, quite unnatural to it, as it could by any possibility assume for more than three minutes at a stretch. He is addressing a flabby, cadaverous-looking individual in seedy black trousers and coat, one button of which conceals the upper part of a waistcoat made of some "washing material," and apparently as greatly in need of the cleansing process as is its wearer. In one ill-shaped, dirty hand he holds a very superior class of umbrella, with a gold tip to it. I at once jump to the conclusion that its present possessor, having come by it dishonestly, has been taken dirty-red handed, and that my stout acquaintance is a sort of nautical magistrate, authorised to try such cases by a sort of informal court-martial on board, and empowered to order the culprit, if found guilty, to be put in irons, or to be mast-headed, or otherwise dealt with according to maritime law.

Standing in the gangway I become an interested spectator of the trial. The evidently guilty party, pale as a suet dumpling, and trembling like a jelly (remarkable culinary combination), is awaiting his sentence. "Why didn't you go on board the tender with every one else?" asks my Judicial and Nautical Assessor (I fancy this is the term in the Admiralty Court, where, if on shore, he would probably sit attired in full naval uniform, with a judge's wig on, and a cocked hat a-top of that). The man mutters something about "didn't hear." "Not hear!" ejaculates the Assessor, taking a short pull at his cigar and smiling incredulously, "not hear! when everyone was shouting and rushing all over the ship!" Personally I can bear witness to these facts; but, not being called as evidence for the Crown and Anchor, I remain silent. Why even down in the engine-rooms the stokers must have heard the shouts for "Tubbs!" It occurs to me suddenly that this wretched man must have stolen Tubbs' umbrella. But I am at once enlightened as to the real state of the case. "Look here, my man," says the Judicial and Nautical Assessor, as he critically eyes the ash of his cigar before flicking it off while speaking to the prisoner, "you said you came on board to see your friends off; you gave their name as Tompkins. Well, there isn't such a name on the books." This statement seems to come as a "facer" to the cadaverous man, who, becoming more cadaverous than ever, eyes the deck-rails askance, as if contemplating a sudden rush and a jump into the water.

"Now, my man," continues the Assessor, with pleasant severity, "you say you've got friends at Plymouth,"—the man is understood to assent to this proposition in a despairing sort of way—"and you say they'll pay for you there." The slightest indication of a cunning smile momentarily illumines the Job Trotter-like countenance of the prisoner. "Well, we don't do business on those terms. You give the steward three guineas, and we'll take you to Plymouth. But if you can't pay—off you go. Here, steward, you're wanted." And that officer coming up, the miserable individual with the valuable umbrella (about which no questions have been asked) is given into his charge by my stout acquaintance, who, as we enter the smoking-room, says to me in an undertone, "He's a regular 'do.' We've hailed a boat, and he'll be put off in two two's. He wanted to get his passage free. He's a 'stowaway,' that's what *he* is."

A stowaway! Up to this moment of cruel disenchantment, my sympathies have always been with the "stowaway." I imagined him as a poor, ill-used kind of *Smike* or *Oliver Twist*, hiding himself away among the casks in the lowest hold of the vessel, only issuing forth in the dead of night with the rats and cockroaches, who, suddenly coming to the upper deck in a terrific storm, steers the ship into a peaceful haven, saves the captain from a watery grave, and who, finally, either marries the low high admiral's daughter, or (which is more affecting) the poor stowaway mutters something about "Home," and, gratefully smiling, as he looks up at the now utterly overcome captain, dies, in the lime-light, to slow music, with his head reposing on that deeply affected officer's best epaulette. In fact, a sort of nautical "Poor *Jo*." But this idea is utterly knocked over by the appearance of the real genuine stowaway, who has such a sneaky, crawly, strangling-you-asleep appearance, that I own to a feeling of intense gratification on seeing two men rowing a small boat up alongside (for which we slack off a bit), while at the same moment the discomfited sneak with the expensive, and still mysterious, umbrella, who has descended the lowered gangway, stands on the shaky ledge below as if he were about to take a plunge—which, indeed, he does; not, fortunately for him, into the tidal river, but head foremost into the dingy, where for a second or two he lies sprawling. Regaining his legs, he steadies himself, and actually has the impudence to wave his hat to us by way of bidding us farewell, and hoping we'll have a good passage! "And," I ask of a sharp-looking little officer, who is superintending the hauling up of the ladder, "what will become of him? Can he pay those boatmen?" "Heaven knows!" is the answer, and we drop the subject as we have already dropped the miserable object. At the last he will have to give up that umbrella, worth quite a guinea, in payment for being taken ashore. And then—. . . alas! poor *Job Trotter* the Stowaway! I'm afraid a good seven years is in store for him on some count or other; and, may be, that 's about the best that can happen to him.

The bugle-call. Bugle sounded by mysterious person in plain clothes, who, like myself, "comes out for a blow." After this he is "heard no more," until, at six P.M., he sends out his notes "*de faire part*," *i.e.*, to inform the company that it is time to dress for dinner. At 6.30 he gives a good hearty blow out, cheerily announcing the last meal of the day. Then he vanishes till next morning at breakfast-time.

*One o'clock.*—Such a prodigal luncheon as is provided only on board ship. Most appropriate name, "Liners." At meal times we are all "liners," and very plentifully do we line. Only on board one hour, and my appetite is *Dominie Sampsonish*, *i.e.*, "prodi-gi-ous!"

After lunch—with the essential Oriental curry—the necessary cigar and coffee-cum-liqueur; we talk as we pace the deck up and down and round and round, occasionally stopping to remark on the coast scenery, and to puzzle out the exact localities of the best known places from Whitstable to Dover.

So passes a fine and most enjoyable afternoon; then more bugle, capital dinner, band playing, lively conversation, cigars and coffee, more pacing deck, storytelling, game of cards, music, piping (no dancing), grogging, and so to bed at an earlyish hour, to sleep soundly, undisturbed even by solos on the fog-horn which, I am subsequently informed, were of frequent occurrence, until the polite Commander of the Bath knocks at cabin door to inform me that it is seven A.M., and that the warm sea bath awaits me.

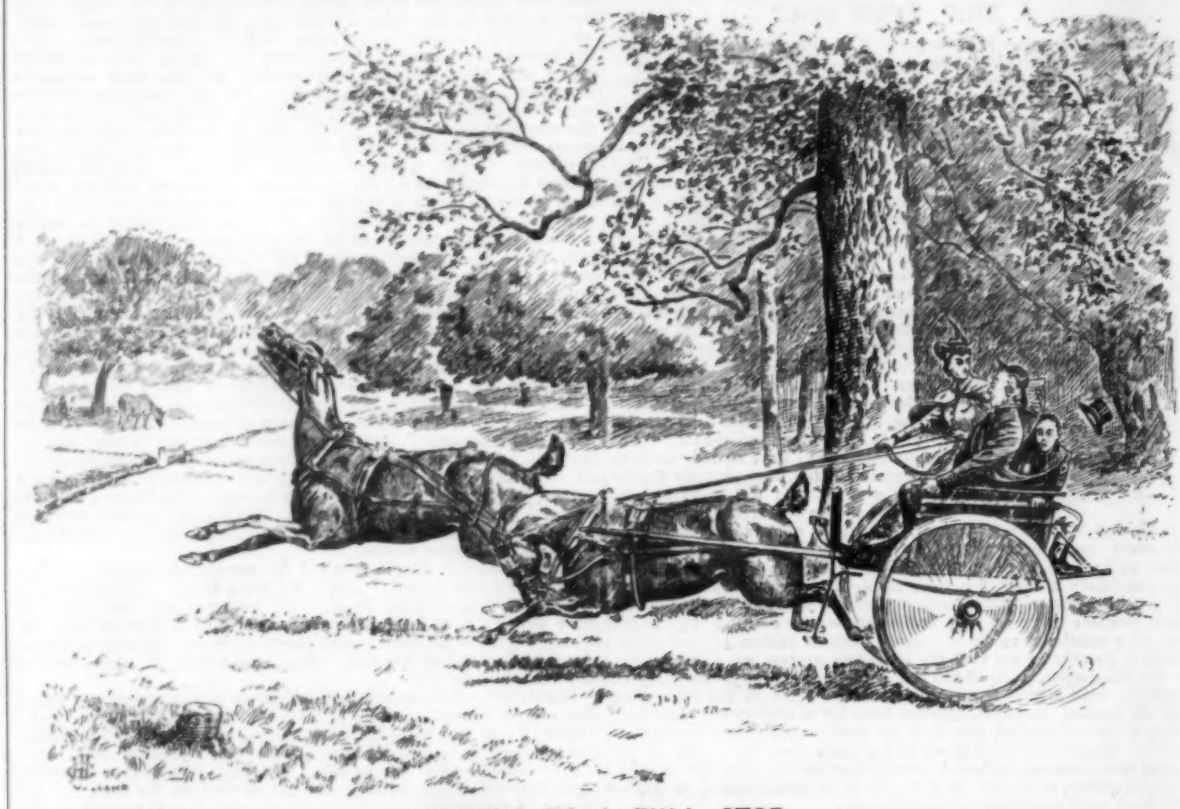
*L'appétit vient en baignant*, and while walking the deck we gratefully welcome the bugler who bugles us to breakfast. We rush down. False alarm! It is only the politeness of the bugler, who beforehand, so that no one shall be taken by surprise, gives us the note of warning, letting us know thereby that, in half-an-hour, breakfast will be, so to speak, "under weigh!" Fair start for all.

*Nine A.M.*—Lions feeding not in it with us sea-dogs. What a breakfast! as if we were not going to be within reach of food for the next fortnight. We are all taking in stores hand over hand.

Alas! when next the bugle sounds for lunch we shall not be there! For, as the clock strikes one, a tender from Plymouth arrives to fetch us, and in a pelting shower we leave the good ship *Orotava*, taking with us our chief cheery companion; and after bidding adieu to the other cheery companions on board, we (a small party of three) take train from Plymouth, S. Devon, to Ilfracombe, N. Devon, traversing as pretty a line of country as is to be found in England. And so we begin our holiday, and advise everyone to do likewise and enjoy the trip as much as we did, and a holiday as much as we intend to do.

### Rhyme by a Rad.

Chamberlain thinks the old, old Tory mind,
Has changed in love of privilege, power, pelf:
Say what Joe will, *our* eyes he cannot blind;
*We* know that his Tory repeats itself!



## COMING TO A FULL STOP.

*Driver of bolting tandem (to Rector, who has accepted a lift across the park).* "All right, Mr. Portley—don't be frightened! The Sunk Fence is sure to stop 'em!"

## THE INDEPENDENT FEATHER PARTY.

*First Partridge.* Hallo! Goin' strong on the wing?

*Second Partridge.* So, so, dear bird. What prospects for the openin'?

*F. P.* Nothin' cheerful. Agricultural depression and Death Duties and Parish Councils and all that. Hear they're goin' to make allotments in our beanfield.

*S. P.* Yes, and the Anti-Shootin' League and the claptrap against the Lords. It's very depressin'. However, with a sportin' Government in, things will be lookin' up.

*F. P.* Takes time, my feathered one, takes time. Why, they're still sittin' with the season just comin' on. Hear it's doocid dull in town, too, with the pavin' up in the Mall and all that.

*S. P.* Where do you get the club talk from, old rooster?

*F. P.* Bird I know keepin' over in the roots. Pal of a poacher that's thick with one of these West End game-mongers. Get the latest from him. Hear Healy and Tanner and that lot are on the war-path, and heaven only knows when the House will be up.

*S. P.* Wouldn't have mattered much in the good old days before the guv'nor let the shootin' to the brewin' Member. Lords never did a stroke of work after the Twelfth; but these Commoners ain't born and bred among the turnips. Only take the shootin' for the sake of appearances.

*F. P.* Yes; and I hear that the brewin' fellow's given the first week's sport to three of these New Women.

*S. P.* Means a bad time for us—blazin' into the brown, and all that. Give me the right kind of sport, I say, and a fly for my money. With these 'prentice hands you never know where you are, don't you know? Bound to fly into the pips some day or other.

*F. P.* And probably no dogs to give you a wrinkle how things lie. Keepers won't bring 'em out at any price. Say it's chancy enough for themselves and the beaters, without riskin' a decent-bred setter. Lost three and a half brace of clippin' Gordons with two New Women guns last season over the other side of the county.

*S. P.* Goin' in for co-operation this year? What do you think of the covey system?

*F. P.* Played out, dear bird. Social fads a bit off colour, don't you know, in these Tory days. Individualism, I say, and let every fowl sit tight for himself, especially with this wild shootin' goin' on. Family ties a little loose, too, this end of the century. Look at the Divorce Courts.

*S. P.* No chance of Protection, I suppose?

*F. P.* Afraid not. You see they're keepin' Jimmy Lowther quiet with a heavy job on Committees. By the way, I see Brodrick's gettin' in a lot more ammunition for small-arms. Glad it's smokeless powder. Old stuff used to knock the landscape about badly. Then, again, apart from the view, must say I like to see where I'm flyin'.

*S. P.* Pity Chaplin didn't get laid on to our department. Hear he had a notion for a bi-metallic gun; dead safe to settle agricultural depression.

*F. P.* Well, anyhow, Rosebery did us the compliment to make our last man a Lord; though perhaps it was a covert insult, seein' he was boomin' against the Upper Chamber. Take it all round, I'm for a Tory Government. One of their openin' moves, you see, is to put the First on a Sunday. That's a bit sportsmanlike.

*S. P.* Yes, but they're a mixed lot—this coalition. Tell me that J. C. don't know a muzzle from a butt-end! However, here's luck and rude health to all good sportsmen. *Vive le Sport!* I'm off with the missus for a mornin' fly. Ta-ta! [*Exeunt.*

## RATIOCINATION.

*Rector.* "Duggan, attention! As you 're an old Balaclava Soldier, I am inclined to make allowances; but this is the Third time I have seen you under the influence of Drink! How is this?"

*Sexton.* "Well, you see, Sir, when I go down town, one Fellow says, 'Duggan, will you have a Drink?' and another says the same, and I get Drunk without knowing it!"

*Rector.* "But, Duggan, when I go down town, no one asks me to take a Drink!"

*Sexton.* "Yes; but you 're not nearly such a Popular Man, you see!"

## A LESSON FROM THE NEW LIZARD.

*(By a Worritted One.)*

[The Frilled Lizard—*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*—from Roebuck Bay, Western Australia, a recent addition to the Zoo, is believed to "elevate its frill when angry or excited"; but as no power on earth seems to make it excited or angry, its frill never shows to advantage.]

Oh *Chlamydosaurus!* You spread out before us,
If not your fine frill, an example!
With lizards to live what a deal would one give,
At least, if they 're all up to sample!
Oh, thing enigmatic, lethargic, lymphatic,
True type of the *eadem semper;*
Your finery gay you can't rightly display,
For lack of that trifle—a temper!
If creatures more human—especially woman—
Were like you in dress and in diet,
And perfectly willing to sacrifice frilling,
And other mere show-things, to quiet.
'Twould bring us all balm, for our world would be calm
As though stilled by the wand of a wizard.
But ladies are few who will learn at the Zoo
The true secret of life—from a lizard.

### New Name for the "New Woman."

Unsexed, factitious, foolish, coarse, inhuman!
She 's not the New, she 's but the "Novel" Woman.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, August* 20, 2.18 *A.M.*—New Members, and some who sat in last Parliament, have had opportunity to-night of tasting old times at Westminster. As R. G. Webster pointedly observes, "Tim Healy has drawn his shillelagh, and thrown away the scabbard." Here is House of 670 Members, in Session in obedience to constitutional conditions. Must needs meet on 12th of August; but every man, or nearly everyone, chiefly anxious to get necessary business over as soon as possible, and so off to moor or sea, or quiet home in long-severed country across the Irish Sea or beyond the Tweed. Tim Healy has introduced Bill to amend Municipal Franchise in Ireland; wants to carry it through all its stages, and send it on to Lords before Prorogation. "Only a little one," he pleads. Prince Arthur points out if exception made in one case will be claimed in others. Can't oblige Tim.

"Very well," says the Implacable One; "then see what it will cost you. No Bill no holiday, at least not as long as I can stand on floor and raise my voice."

All through the long sitting Tim been to the fore. No matter what subject, it served for him to take objection, and in most cases division. Attorney-General wanted to take first reading Expiring Laws Continuance Bill; a purely formal procedure; a matter of course at end of each Session. Tim objected. After vain protest, Attorney-General retired. Prince Arthur moved debate on Limerick election should have particular place on Agenda. Tim objected. Such a course, he argued, implied that debate on the dutiful address to most gracious speech from the throne might be interrupted in favour of any ordinary business. In voice faltering with emotion Tim resented this slight upon his Sovereign. Next in enormity was evidence discerned by his keen vision of demoralising influence of Hemperer Joe on Conservative principles. Before the fusion, Conservatives held sacred all constitutional precedents. Now, with a light heart, they proposed to flout an ordinance that had prevailed for seven hundred years.

Why seven hundred nobody knew. Tim might have put it at eight hundred or a thousand; but he is, above all things, a moderate man.

Speaker ruled Prince Arthur's procedure strictly in order. Squire of Malwood, coming to rescue of Ministers, admitted it was a course invariably taken under former Ministry. Tim took his stand on the British Constitution; put his protesting arms round his affronted Sovereign; declined to budge, and the master of many legions surrendered.

The same through long sitting, which closes at this moment with dawn surprising the blushing East. On successive questions—the suspension of twelve o'clock rule, the Speaker leaving Chair without question put, Chitral, and a long series of formal motions in Supply—Tim delivered innumerable speeches; took in all ten divisions. Once, House being cleared for division, he, in conformity with quaint requirements of the moment, remained seated with hat on, contesting points of order with Speaker. Alone he did it. Although from fifty to a hundred Members went out to vote with him, none felt capable of joining in his masterly controversy with the masterful Speaker.

Hard lines for new Speaker; in Chair for nearly twelve hours, incessantly on the watch. But, as Sark says, the game has for him

Tim takes the leading part in the performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*, by the John Daly Company.

"We shall stay here at least a month; and he (Benedick) heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer."
*Much Ado, &c.*, Act I., Sc. 1.

been well worth burning the candle at both ends. To-night's sitting has finally established his position in the Chair.

*Business done.*—Address agreed to.

*Tuesday.*—Sark, whose knowledge of Shakspeare is extensive and peculiar, goes about humming:—

Ban, ban Caliban.
Got new House Commons
Get new Chairman.

This accomplished to-night in simplest fashion. Two hours discussion of Limerick's flash of humour in having elected to represent it in Parliament a gentleman languishing in one of Her Majesty's prisons. This disposed of, House went into Committee of Supply. But as yet we have no Chairman. Mellor's unrequited labours closed with life of last Parliament. Sark always says justice never done to Mellor.

"A painstaking, upright, courteous gentleman," he testifies. "Much too good for obstruction's daily food in Chair of Committees. If he had a fault tending to incapacitate him for Chair, it was the extreme geniality of a nature that made him shrink from giving pain. He came into office at an epoch of exceptional difficulty. Lyon Playfair had bad time when he was hampered by well-organised, ruthless obstruction led by Parnell. Obstruction to the Home-Rule Bill throughout first session of Mellor's chairmanship not less ably led, for Joe, not yet come to Imperial estate, was much to the fore. It was certainly not less ruthless; numerically was in treble force. To obfusticate the Chairman was easiest, most effective way of delaying progress of Bill through Committee; Mellor suffered accordingly. The order of things should have been reversed. Mellor should come to Chair to-day. Lowther should have had his job in Session of 1893. James W. is endowed in marked degree with the quality of phlegm invaluable to Chairman in troublous times. What worried sensitive nature of Mellor would have flurried him no more than bucket of water cast over a duck's back."

"John William" (M-cl-re) in unwonted state of agitation.

"I was made a corporal just in time," said Private Hanbury, musing over recent turns in wheel of fortune. "With James W. in the Chair, I would rather have charge of the Estimates than be engaged in obstructing their passage."

Hermon Hodge, after enjoying the fresh air of the country for three years, comes back to House and loftily complains of the atmosphere. "Is the first Commissioner of Works aware," he inquired, "that in the early part of the afternoon there was a most horrible smell of drains at the bar of the House?"

"Hoighty toighty!" said John William. "What does the man mean? What is he doing at the bar if he objects to the smell of what he calls drains, meaning nips? What is the particular flavour that offends his sensibilities? Is it whiskey or rum? Who is he that he should interfere with the private tastes of hon. Members? To complain of the smell of drains at the bar at a time when the British electorate have, by overwhelming majorities, declared against any tampering with The Trade interests, is too much from a man who has shared in the benefit derived on our side by the wholesome current of public opinion."

Never saw John William so put about. Usually brimming over with good living and fine feeling.

*Business done.*—Some votes in Committee of Supply.

*Wednesday.*—Stanley delivered maiden speech. Did it very well, too. A double contribution to success. First, subject (slave trade in Africa) one of which he knows something. Second, he made no effort to orate. Hooked his arm, so to speak, with that of Chairman of Committees; walked him up and down, talking in colloquial fashion. Has good voice, which doesn't need uplifting; in the higher notes one catches the faint echo of a foreign tongue.

Sharing pleasure of Committee at his speech, he volunteered a second. Dangerous experiment this. But particular incentive gave it a turn of fresh attraction. Parker Smith, criticising first speech, and differing from its conclusions, accused Stanley of trading on his reputation. Ever seen a boy in the playing-ground go up to another, clench his fists, hoist his right shoulder, and ask him to "say that again"? Thus Stanley to Parker Smith, sitting on same bench near him. Of course he put thing in Parliamentary fashion.

"I don't recollect," he drawled, "saying anything to inspire my hon. friend to make such a charge, and"—here he bent over P. S., fixing him with glittering eye—"I beg he won't make any such remarks in the future."

Before fervered fancy of Member for Partick there flashed a vision of two new books from pen of the great explorer. The first volume was entitled *How I Found Parker Smith.* The second bore the legend *How I Left Him.* Only one thing to do. Apologise. This P. S. did with alacrity.

Stanley Falls—on his feet!
Clothes presumably by Stanley (Pool).

*Business done.*—Two votes in Committee of Supply.

*Saturday*, 1.40 A.M.—Another late sitting, chiefly owing to Truculent Tim. That depressing; but Members wend their way homeward hurt by crueller blow. Will be remembered that in last Session of old Parliament Howard Vincent made great hit. Came down to the House clothed, not only with chastity, but with mats, strips of carpet, brushes, frying-pans, fish-kettles, and other household goods, all, as he said, made in foreign prisons. Those present during sitting will never forget curious illusion of caudal appendage occasioned by accident of handle of one of the frying-pans, thrust in hon. Member's coat-tail pocket, sticking out at angle of forty-five degrees.

General effect was that House, in flush of generous indignation, passed resolution calling upon Government forthwith to prohibit importation of prison-made brushes and the rest. Committee appointed, and first discovery made was that the brush Howard Vincent negligently dandled in hand whilst he temporarily painted out Ministerial majority, was not, as represented, of prison manufacture, but (Sark adds) was secretly bought by the gallant colonel at Army and Navy Stores!

Bryce, who on eve of foreign voyage, solemnly made first part of this declaration. Said nothing more. But confidence once broken, House begins to suspect the *bona fides* of the frying-pans, the early history of the fish-kettles.

*Business done.*—More votes in Supply.

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Legal Lunching. — The energetic enterprise of journalism stops at nothing in catering for the curiosity of the public. The *Birmingham Mail* tells how the different judges "refresh themselves in the half hour adjournment during assizes." It is exceedingly interesting to know that Justice Hawkins "takes nothing," and that Baron Pollock "contents himself with a large cup of chocolate and a biscuit." Moreover, how gratifying it is to be assured that "no judge takes a substantial luncheon while engaged in Court." All such matters are of the greatest moment.

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The True "General Election." — The election of Lord Wolseley to be Commander-in-Chief.

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New Parliamentary Proverb.—Manners make the man, but Tanners the Irishmen!

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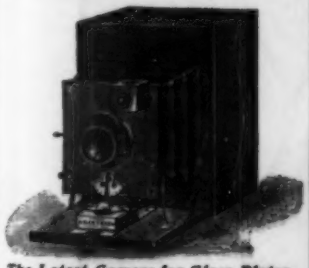

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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Coraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, August 31, 1895.